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## OUTLINE SKETCHES.

### THE ENCHANTRESS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Our feelings are as little in our power as the bodily structure they animate. My love had been sudden, uncontrollable, and born not of my own will—and such was my hate. As little could I master the sick shudder his image now called up, as I could the passionate beating of the heart it had once excited. I stood alone in my solitary hall—I gazed on the eternal fire burning over the tomb of my father, and I wished it were burning over mine. For the first time I felt the limitations of humanity. The desire of my race was in me accomplished—I was immortal; and what was this immortality! A dark and measureless future. Alas, we had mistaken life for felicity! What was my knowledge! it only served to show its own vanity; what was my power, when its exercise only served to work out the decrees of an inexorable necessity! I had parted myself from my kind, but I had not acquired the nature of a spirit. I had lost of humanity but its illusions, and they alone are what render it supportable. The mystic scrolls over which I had once pored with such intenseness, were now flung aside; what could they teach me! Time was to me but one great vacancy; how could I fill it up, who had neither labour nor excitement! I sat me down mournfully, and thought of the past. Why, when love is perished should its memory remain! I had said to myself, so long as I have life, one deep feeling must absorb my existence. A change—and that too of my own earnest seeking—had passed over my being; and the past, which had been so precious, was now as a frightful phantasm. The love which alters, in its inconstancy may set up a new idol, and worship again with a pleasant blindness; but the love which leaves the heart with a full knowledge of its own vanity and nothingness—which saith, The object of my passion still remains, but it is worthless in my sight—never more can I renew my early feeling—I marvel how I ever could have loved—I loathe, I disdain the weakness of my former self; ah, the end of such love is indeed despair!

"Do you mark yonder black marble slab, which is spread as over a tomb! It covers the most silvery fountain that ever mirrored the golden light of noon, or caught the fall of the evening dew, in an element bright as themselves. The radiant likeness of a spirit rests on those waters. I bade him give duration to the shadow he flung upon the wave, that I might gaze on it during his absence. The first act of my immortality was to shut it from my sight. There must that black marble rest for ever.

"Why need I tell you of the desolation with which centuries have passed over my head! At length I resolved to leave my solitude, to visit earth; to seek, if I could not recall, my humanity; to interest myself in my species, and help even while I despised them. The thousand hues of sunset were deepening into the rich purple of twilight, when I paused over a Sicilian palace. Lemon and orange trees crowded the terrace, and their odours floated upwards towards an apartment where every casement was flung open for the sake of air. One emaciated hand stretched out on the purple silk coverlet, the other extended towards an aged female beside, reclined a young and beautiful girl; she was dying. A week of fever had done the work of years; life had burnt fiercely out; and the fragile tenement, wasted and worn away, lay in that langaid repose which is the harbinger of death. The long black hair hung in pall-like masses; it had been loosened in the restlessness of pain. Her mother kept bathing the sunken temples with aromatics, but they throbbed no longer, and the sufferer motioned to her to desist. She now asked rest rather than relief; but life yet put forth its last energy in affection, and clasping her mother's hand, she turned her large soft eyes to her father. He stood watching her, as though, while he watched, life could not escape. Suddenly, a slight convulsion passed over the face of the dying girl; she gasped as if for air, and raised herself on her pillow without assistance, but sank back with the effort; she was dead. A wild scream broke from the mother, and she fell senseless by the bed. The father caught the lifeless hands of his child, and, mad with despair, implored her not to leave him. Loud sobs came from the further part of the chamber: there was now no one to disturb by that passion of sorrow.

"Human misery is an awful sight. The old nurse approached the corse; she smoothed the long dark hair—she placed a chaplet of roses on the brow, and a few fresh flowers in the lifeless hand. The rich light from the open casement fell on the white dress, and still whiter face, with a mocking cheerfulness. The aged creature could restrain her grief no longer; she rushed to a darker part of the room, and wept. A thought struck me: over the departed I had no power; but I could spare the agony of the living. Yes, I would take upon myself human relations, would bind myself by human ties—I would be to them even as a daughter. The next moment I had assumed the shape of their child.

"Far in an unfrequented track of the southern seas lies a small island; there are aged trees and early blossoms; and amid them myriads of shining insects and bright-winged birds made the solitude glad with life; but they are its sole inhabitants. Once, driven away by a tempest from its ordinary course, a ship discovered the little isle. The Spaniards landed; they took possession in the name of the Madonna, and with pieces of gray rock piled up a cross. Human eye has never since dwelt on that lovely and lonely shore; but beneath the shadow of that cross lie the mortal remains of your cousin Medora. Gradually I allowed some sign of returning life to appear; the old nurse, who was bending over the body, was the first to exclaim, 'Bring a looking-glass, for there is breath within those lips.' The slight cloud left on the mirror was as the very atmosphere of hope; eyes dim with weeping, cheeks pale with watching, were lighted up on the instant.

"I felt a new and keen happiness in the happiness I had given. It needs not to tell how I gradually recovered, and how the parents, whose very life seemed bound up in their child's, were never weary of gazing on their recovered treasure. But a grief of which I had not dreamed awaited me. Medora had been betrothed to a young Sicilian nobleman. The moment an interview was permitted, the lover was at my feet, full of that hope and that joy he was never to know again. You are aware how the marriage was broken off, on the plea of a vow to the Virgin made in the extremity of danger; but you know not the agony I inflicted, or that I endured, in listening to the passionate despair of Rivoli; and when he said, 'Your death I might have borne—it was the will of God, and life would have lived on a hope beyond the grave—but thus to find you changed to me, to think that you can hold our love an offence in the sight of heaven, and that I, who have loved, and who do love you so unutterably, that I should be the first sacrifice you offer up—this, Medora, is more than I can bear!'

"In listening thus how I repented me of my rash interference with the course of human life! If I had given joy, I had also caused more sorrow; and, worse, I had reason to question whether the grief of the marriage thus broken off did not embitter, despite of all my care, the brief period of Donna Maria's life.

"I have now little more to say of myself. The last few years have been devoted to Don Manfredi's declining age; wearisome has the task been, and still I have clung to it. I own, yet shun the fatal truth, that my lot is but an awful solitude, without duties or affections—those ties and blessings of humanity. And now for the wealth I offer you; I know not its consequences, but I know those consequences can be but in your own acts. I do no more than a mere mortal might. On this interview there is imposed the condition—secresy; on the possession of riches there is none. The spirits of riches are the first and meanest which yield to science; it shall be my care that they reach you in simple and ordinary channels. Speak!"

"Give me," exclaimed Leoni, "give me wealth; give me Lolah!"

A purple cloud filled the glorious hall; again stupor overwhelmed him: again he awakened, and there he was in the lonely summer-room, and Medora, with her pale child-like face and black garments, at his side; but he met the large dark eyes filled with a strange wild light, and he knew it was no dream.

"Leave me now," said Medora; "but on your life be silent. Life and secresy are one. Farewell!"

Dizzy with expectation, Leoni returned to the boat. The clock of San Francisco's abbey struck; he had been away but one hour. Pallid and abstracted, there was something in his look that effectually silenced the boatmen; nay, they remained in gloomy stillness after he had left them.

"He has met with a refusal," at length said Stefano.

"Rather say, that there is evil in yon dreary palazzo and that pale girl, and that their influence is on him. The lady Medora is kind and generous, but there is a curse follows her; and when did ever gift of hers turn to good?"

"The notary Signor Grazie awaits your pleasure," said a domestic, on Leoni's entrance to his palace.

The notary's business was soon told. The Marchese Ravenna, a distant relative of the young count, had made him his heir; and boundless was the wealth the aged miser left behind him. That evening saw Leoni a welcome guest at his uncle's: and but a few weeks fled past, ere orange-flowers bound the bridal tresses of his gentle cousin. The same day died Count Manfredi; and, as if her life were one with his, Donna Medora breathed her last at the very moment of her father's death.

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"One, two, three; so late, so very late," exclaimed the Countess di Montefiore," and Leoni still from home; there was a time when I dreamed not of keeping these solitary vigils."

Wearily Lolah arose from the velvet ottoman, and again the hour was struck by one of their own clocks, a few minutes later than the abbey; it was succeeded (for the time-piece was a rare device of a skilful artist) by a sweet and lively air—one of those Neapolitan barcarolles which, like the glad music of Memnon's lyre, seemed inspired by the morning sunshine.

"Mockery," sighed the youthful watcher, "for the flight of time to be told in music!"

She began to pace the room—that common resource of extreme lassitude, when sleep, to which the will consents not, hangs heavy on the evelids. Truly night was made for sleep; since to its wakeful hours belongs an oppression unknown to the very dreariest hours of day. The stillness is so deep, the solitude so unbroken, the fever brought on by want of rest so weakens the nerves, that the imagination exercises despotic and unwholesome power, till, if the heart have a fear or a sorrow, up it arises in all the force and terrour of gigantic exaggeration.

The countess had long since dismissed her attendants; yet the pearls still braided her hair, which hung nearly to her feet, in two large plaits; and a white silk robe, carelessly fastened at the waist, shrouding her whole figure in its loose folds, gave her something of that ghost-like appearance with which our fancy invests the habitants of another world. And truly, with her pale cheek and melancholy eyes, she looked like a spirit wandering mournfully around the scene of former pleasures. Yet what luxury was there not gathered in that gorgeous room! The purple silk curtains excluded the night-dews, while they allowed the air to enter freighted with odours from the orange-trees on the terrace below. The nuns of the convent of St. Valerie, so celebrated for their skill in embroidery, had exerted their finest art in transferring all the flowers of spring to the white velvet ottomans: you might have asked which was real—the rose on the cushion, or that which hung from the crystal vase! The jewels lavished on the toys scattered round, had been held a noble dower by the fairest maiden in Sicily. On the wall were pictures, each one a world of thought and of beauty. The Grecian landscapes of Gasper Poussin, who delighted in the graceful nymph, and the marble fane which recalled a mythology all poetry, as if in his dreams he had dwelt in Thessaly. The rugged scenes which Salvator Rosa loved to delineate—the forest, dark with impenetrable depths; the bare and jagged rock, rough as if Nature had forgotten it; the aged pine riven by the lightning, and beside it some bandit, desolate and stricken as the tree by which he stood, but with a cruel defiance in his looks, as though he longed to resent on all the injuries he had received from a few. Near at hand hung one of the glad earths and sunny skies in which the more buoyant spirit of Claude Lorraine revelled, as if its native element were sunshine. There were portraits, too, the noble and the beautiful of her race; faces which told a whole history—and yet Lolah marked them not.

But one twelvemonth had she been a bride, and her husband's presence was unfamiliar to his home. Day after day did some unkind friend—for when do friends not delight in the sorrow of the prosperous?—come to her with tales how the count's wealth was lavished on others less lovely than herself. And even that very evening had her father been with her, telling her that no wealth could hold out against Leoni's reckless prodigality—against his mad passion for gaming. In pity to the gentle creature, who could only lean on his bosom and weep, he might not tell her that the husband of her love was an object of universal suspicion, and that sorcery and the once stainless name of Montefiore were coupled together. He left her with those words of fondness which are never, and those words of comfort which ever are, said in vain. Wretched she had long been, but not till to-night had she owned the truth even to herself—owned that all her dreams of happiness, all the fairy creations of her fancy, had melted away, like the gardens and palaces she had seen painted on the air in the bay of Naples.

Weak, selfish and vain, Leoni's was the very nature which wealth corrupts; he looked upon it but as the source of self-gratification. He forgot that the power with which the rich man is endued, is a sacred duty, whose neglect brings its own punishment; and that he who seeks pleasure with reference to himself, not others, will ever find that pleasure is only another name for discontent. At first Lolah was the idol of his heart—she became his bride—and a few happy weeks were passed in retirement and bliss; but Leoni soon looked beyond the small circle of the heart. They went to Palermo, and there he took delight in magnificence; his vanity exulted in glittering display. It was gratified by envy and wonder. Fête succeeded fête, till he himself grew weary of his prodigal hospitality. He craved for variety; and Lolah's timid and gentle temper was ill fitted to be the check he needed. Gambling soon became a habit; his enormous losses were an excitement; he knew he could repay them with a wish—he cared not, therefore, for the money he lost; but he desired to conquer fortune, and held success to be the triumph of skill. In the early part of his career, that evil and grudging feeling with which people regard great and sudden wealth, exhausted itself in prophecies of the certain ruin to which the young spendthrift count was hastening; and when those prophecies were not fulfilled, their utterers were disappointed; they viewed it as a sin that he had proved their omens untrue. In sad truth, half our forebodings of our neighbours are but our own wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

Gradually the crowds at the Montefiore palace grew less noble; those whose consequence was diminished by its splendour, were the first to turn away; their example was followed by those who had nothing to gain; then went those who are ever led by example; till the palace only gathered the dissipated and the dishonoured; the needy who made want their plea, for even they needed an excuse; and the gamester who was reckless whither he went, so that he indulged his passion. Old friends one after another became cold, and new friends were insolent and familiar. All this cut deep, and Leoni plunged still more madly into every possible excess; and when all other aids to forgetfulness failed, the red wine-cup was drained for oblivion.

Pale and sad the young countess passed the weary hours in her splendid solitude; she felt the loss of friends less than Leoni, for had she not lost her husband! That evening had, however, been spent from home: it was the time of the Carnival—she had been to a masque as an Indian maiden; and now sat up for Leoni's return, half in girlish vanity, half because she could not bear the day to close without seeing him: she knew that he would let himself in by a private portal, which he had had expressly made, and that he must cross that chamber on his way to his own. Chilly and fatigued, she again drew the rich flower-wrought cashmere around her; for a moment she sat, her cheek resting on her hand; at length she leaned back on the ottoman, and sunk into disturbed and half-conscious slumber. She was roused by a noise—and starting up to meet Leoni, saw a stranger in the act of putting aside the curtains of the window through which he was entering. Excess of terrour made her speechless for a moment; when the man, who was in the garb of a boatman, said,

"For the love of the saints, be calm, lady! I would lay down my life in your service; just hear me."

Lolah now recognized Stefano, who had before their marriage brought her many a note and flower from Leoni.

"Is the count within?" asked he anxiously.

"I expect him every instant; but tell me your business at this strange hour."

Stefano hesitated.

"Perhaps it were best I should, and yet—do you know where I could find his excellency?"

Lolah shook her head mournfully.

"Lady, I must then tell you all;" and he looked aside, and spoke hastily, as if unwilling to watch the misery his words must cause. "Lady, to-morrow this palace will be seized by the officers of the Inquisition, the count—now St. Rosalie punish his enemies!—is accused of sorcery—to-morrow he will be arrested. My brother is one of their servants; but the count is our old patron—he gave me a hint—I rowed hither—by means of a fishing-hook I fastened a rope to the balcony, and sprung up: I know every room of the palace, and thought to take my chance of meeting the Count Leoni; my boat lies below—a ship will sail from the bay at the break of day—they need sail fast, for they have better wine aboard than they would wish to have known in Palermo."

"Holy Virgin! if my husband should not return!" exclaimed Lolah, wringing her hands in an agony. Stefano had not a word of comfort for such an emergency. Suddenly the countessa rose from her seat: "I will trust in the blessed saints for his return: what is the latest period that we can escape!"

"It will not be light this half hour, and I will answer for his safe pilotage while dark; but if the day once break, the fishermen will be abroad, and there will not be a chance of escape."

Lolah sunk on her knees, and remained for a few moments with her face hidden between her hands in earnest prayer. Rising from the ground, she hastily addressed Stefano.

"Will you remain here and wait as long as you dare for the count's arrival? I will return in a few minutes; I only go to make some brief preparation for our flight."

"*Your* flight!" ejaculated the boatman, "you are in no danger."

"It matters not," answered she passionately; "I will not leave my husband's side."

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when she reappeared in a plain dark travelling dress, and dragging with her a large horseman's cloak.

"This will conceal him, as he must stay for no change of apparel. But can it be so long! why, it is a quarter of an hour since you told me we had but half a one;" and the gay and fairy chime of the time-piece told four o'clock.

"It is very dark still," said she, looking from the window.

"Yes, lady, it is very dark, the moon set an hour ago; but do not you lean out, the night-dew is falling heavily."

Again Lolah turned to the time-piece, the hand marked that five minutes more had passed away; she looked to Stefano, but he only shook his head and muttered some indistinct sound. A little rosary of coral and of the many-coloured lavas of Vesuvius hung at her waist—she prized it, for it was her dead mother's gift to her in her earliest childhood, and it was linked with the hope and affection of other years: her hand trembled so that she could not count the beads, but she repeated the prayers, at first audibly, and then the words died away in faint murmurs: at length she herself knew not what she was uttering. Her cheek, which had been pale as the funereal marble, burned with crimson, her lips were white and apart—the fever of her mind had communicated itself to her frame. With an unsteady step she again approached the balcony—"Tell me," said she, faintly, "is there a gray streak amid those clouds! I cannot see."

"Lady, it is still dark; hist!" at this moment, a distant step was heard in the corridor; nothing but hearing made intense with anxiety could have caught it.

"Mother of heaven! I thank thee, it is Leoni!"

She sprang forward; but her head grew dizzy, and she leaned for a moment against the table for support. Leoni entered the room, haggard with his excited vigil, his cloak disordered, his rich vest left open at the throat, as if in the agitation of the gaming-table he had loosened it to give himself air; a contraction, seemingly habitual, darkened his forehead; he was young still, but the expression and colours of youth were gone. He advanced moodily and abstractedly, when his eye was caught by the appearance of Stefano, who had lost not a moment in fastening the coils of the rope to the balcony.

"Robber!" shouted he; but the hand which sought his sword was arrested by Lolah's light touch on his arm.

"Be still, for your sweet life's sake," said she, in an earnest whisper, that fixed his attention at once; "yonder faithful creature has risked his for your's; we must fly, or to-morrow dawns for you in the dungeons of the Inquisition; all is ready for flight, only come."

Leoni turned still paler; then rallying with the high courage of his race, exclaimed, "Who dares accuse me! and what is my crime!"

"That matters not," said Stefano: "my brother gave me the hint; you fly to-night, or are a prisoner in the morning. In the name of the good St. Rosalie, don't stand talking; you have lost time enough already; we have settled everything while waiting for you—as if any good Christian ever kept such hours!" but these last words were muttered in an under-tone.

"Come, my husband, there will be opportunity enough for explanation; fling this cloak round you, and follow me," said the countess, stepping onwards.

"Never, Lolah," rejoined Montefiore, startled by the danger, which a conscious feeling in his own heart foreboded was true; "never shall you be exposed to the hardship and danger of such a flight, for me, so worthless, so neglectful!" But she was already at the foot of the ladder.

"Come, Signor; ten minutes more, and we are lost!"

Leoni followed, though almost unconsciously; and in an instant more, Stephano was steering his boat into the bay.

"Lolah, why are you here!" burst from him in the bitter accents of self-reproach, as he felt her head sink on his shoulder.

"Nay, my Leoni," said the low sweet voice on which he once hung with such passionate love, "where should I be but where rests all my earthly happiness? with my head on your heart, Leoni, love mine, I am very, very happy!"

Gently his arm enfolded the confiding and child-like form that rested upon him, and all the memory of their early tenderness gushed into his thoughts; while she, with a woman's engrossing devotedness, forgot everything but that her husband was once more her own.

"You must just pass for two runaways," said Stefano, "who have bribed me to row you beyond a powerful noble's reach, and who mean to stay from Palermo, till, for the daughter's sake, the lover is forgiven."

"Whither are we going!" asked Montefiore.

"On board yonder vessel, which bears a smuggling cargo; and pray you, at the port where she stops, lose no time in embarking for another. Do you remember the Marchese di Gonzarga!"

"Ay, the stripling! the sweeping away of whose ducats is the only instance of luck that ever awaited me at that accursed rouge-et-noir table."

"I doubt you owe something of your present plight to him; he is nephew to the grand inquisitor."

"And my husband is then the victim of his vile revenge!" cried the countess, in a tone of delight. Stefano made no answer: the next moment they were close to the ship, and he, fastening the boat to its side by a rope, sprung on board, to be spokesman for the party. Lolah trembled as the fragile bark rocked to and fro beneath the dark stern of the vessel, from which hung a lantern, whose dim light showed what she deemed their perilous position. Leoni might have felt the beating of the heart pillowed on his own; but he had himself been so long the sole object of his thoughts, that his wife's fear, not being shared by himself, never entered his mind.

"How provoking it is that I should have lost my last rouleau! I have not a ducat; and you hurried me so, that I had no time to bring away anything!" exclaimed he, peevishly. "What terms shall we come to with these rascals, without money?"

"I have here three rouleaux," said the countess; "I should have brought away more gold, but for its weight—I therefore preferred my diamonds, as to their sale we must look for our future support."

A smile passed over Montefiore's face; dearly did Lolah love his smile; but now rather, a thousand times rather, would she have met his darkest frown.

"All is settled; you are to give the captain fifty crowns on arriving in port; for the sake of his own pretty Agata, he said he would not be hard upon two young lovers:—I thought," added Stephano, in a whisper, "I might so promise, as I knew my lady had brought jewels away with her."

"Give me the rouleaux," said the count, "and do you take them, Stephano; and when I return I will increase them a hundredfold."

"Keep your money, good your excellency; what I have done was in honour and love for your noble house. Keep your gold; it would little benefit me, I trow!"

Leoni rose in anger, and began hastily to ascend the side of the ship. Stefano helped the countess, who, as with his aid she climbed the knotted ropes, whispered,

"Take the gold, and lay it out in masses at the shrine of St. Rosalie, and this ring—my father gave it me; he will thankfully redeem it, and bless you, as his child does now."

"Come, come, Stephano, here's what will furnish you with many a merry night; and Montefiore again pressed the money into Stefano's hand, who did not now reject it: the voice in which he muttered his good wishes was inaudible; and as he sprung into his boat, the tears of a three-year-old child stood in the eyes of the hardy rower. The captain civilly showed the fugitives into a small cabin; and a fresh breeze filling the sails, bore them rapidly from Sicily.

Next morning, all was astonishment and consternation in Palermo; there was the palace with its splendid ornaments, its almost regal train of servants; there were the gorgeous dresses, there were the golden caskets filled with jewels and perfumes; but where were the count and countess! The domestics searched every room in dismay; and not only were they gone, but not a vestige remained of their flight. A strange suspicion rose in every mind, pale and affrighted they crowded together, and then surmise found speech. What if the demon, for whose wealth their lord had bartered his immortal soul—what if he had exacted, at length, his fearful tribute; had he carried off his victim bodily! But then the countess, their gentle and pious mistress, could she be involved in such awful doom!—A loud knocking at the portal broke off their discourse; every one hurried to the door—to admit the officers of the Inquisition. All search was fruitless, all inquiry vain. The palace was confiscated, and its rich furniture sold; the Marchese di Montefiore was summoned to appear on a charge of sorcery; he came not to answer the accusation, and sentence of outlawry was passed against him. A thousand wild rumours were afloat, which finally merged in one—that unearthly retribution had been exacted for unearthly riches. Yet there were two in Palermo who knew the truth; the father of Lolah, who died shortly after, a lonely and broken-hearted man; and Stefano—but he kept the secret as one of life and death; and when he perished in a storm at sea, it was buried with him in the deep and fathomless waters.

But now to return to our fugitives. At the first port they touched, they re-embarked, and finally landed at Marseilles; a small but lovely cottage on the sea-shore received them, an olive plantation encircled the house, and the Provence rose looked in at the casements. The far plains were covered with heath and thyme on one side, and on the other was the sea, where the rich vessels of the merchants seemed to sail to and fro for ever. Fear and fatigue had severely tried a frame so frail as that of Lolah; and her husband's apprehension on her account for a time recalled his love;—perhaps they are more inseparable than we are ready to admit. Leoni felt that he was the only link between Lolah and life—his care the barrier between her and death: at length his gentle watchfulness was rewarded by the smile returning to her lip, and the rose to her cheek. Lolah thought she was very happy; in truth, from her birth, nature and fortune had been at variance: her delicate health unfitted her for either crowds or late hours—a constitutional timidity made her shrink from strangers—she had neither the talents which require, nor the spirits which enjoy an enlarged sphere of action: the affectionate monotony of her present life was just suited to her.

Not so to her husband, who soon desired more activity, more variety, more excitement: a thousand times did he ask himself of what avail was his boundless wealth, if he made it not the minister of pleasure? Every evening that he marked the sea redden beneath the setting sun, he vowed it should be the last. At length he resolved on leaving their cottage; and, after travelling for a few days, they settled in a superb château near Lyons. Lolah trembled at the magnificence which again surrounded them. Once she ventured to remonstrate on their lavish expenditure; but Leoni only laughed, and said, "You will not find here the miserable superstition of the Sicilians; and great part of my wealth was placed abroad. First we will dazzle these provincials, and then proceed to Paris."

In fact, Leoni feared yet to enter that most caravanserai-like capital; he wished to be somewhat forgotten of his countrymen, before he risked meeting with them. Half Lyons was soon collected at the château; what was splendour to Leoni, unless it were envied and admired! Perhaps the secret of his character was, that he was a very vain man, and yet had nothing in himself whereby that vanity was gratified; this forced him upon external resources. Again, he delighted in bewildering by his magnificence, and astonishing by its extent. But in this enjoyment Lolah took no part; in this new display of riches she saw but a confirmation of the suspicions which had driven them from Palermo: and Leoni—to whom, in spite of his selfishness, her devotion, her uncomplaining abandonment of home, friends, name, for his sake, had endeared her more and more, and who felt that Lolah was his only link with the past, the sole remembrance of his early and happy youth—Leoni felt bitterly the barrier that doubt drew between his wife and himself. He was mortified to think that his very power degraded him in her eyes; that she confounded him with the alchymists and sorcerers, whom he despised as they were despised in that military and feudal age. A thousand times he was on the point of revealing his secret, and then again the memory of the secresy so mysteriously enjoined arose within him. A visiter at their fêtes, a passer-by on the road, who caught sight of the youthful couple, would have envied their happiness; but whosoever could have looked within on the hidden depths of their troubled minds, would have seen fear, discontent, sorrow for the past, and misgiving for the future.

One night there was a splendid entertainment; the countess presided, pale and melancholy; the count, weary of himself, and therefore of his guests, secretly compared them with the brilliant groups that had assembled in his palazzo at Palermo, and thought how little his provincial set were worthy of the cost and taste bestowed upon them. In reality, display had lost its novelty, and consequently its charm in his eyes. The evening had not half passed away, when Lolah was astonished by his coming up to her and whispering, "For heaven's sake, find some excuse for dismissing these people! Illness will do; for I am sure you look pale enough."

She might have re-echoed her husband's words, for he himself looked wild and haggard. Still, it was near midnight when their guests dispersed; and Leoni—on returning from conducting la Presidente de Lanville, always the latest of the late, to her huge family coach—silently approached one of the windows, and stepping out upon the terrace, stood as if absorbed in the lovely view—and lovely indeed it was. Below, was a smooth turf, which sloped down to a lake, whose surface reflected the moonshine broken and tremulous; the moon herself was rising on the other side of the château, and so was invisible; but her light lay silvery on the grass, and lent a softness, sweeter even than colour, to many-shaped beds, which were filled with flowers. In the middle of the garden was a fountain; to a certain height the water shot up in a bright and straight column—suddenly the stream divided and came down in a glittering shower to the marble basin below, and the falling of this fountain was the only sound that broke the perfect stillness. A quiet step approached, a soft hand was laid on his arm, and Lolah whispered, "Is it not beautiful!" How often will the lips frame some indifferent question when the heart is full of the most important!

"Will you then regret to leave it!" said Leoni, as they wandered through the maze of odoriferous flower-pots, "for we must go to-morrow."

Lolah gazed upon his face, but words died on her lips.

"That wearisome Madame de Lanville," continued he, "entertained me this evening with her delight that she should soon have a worthy guest to introduce to me; for that in a week's time the Count Gonzaga, the nephew of the great cardinal, would spend a few days at her house, on his way to the south of France; and she was so sure I should find him a charming acquaintance. Plague on the old simpleton, and the count too! what cursed chance brings him here!"

"My Leoni, why should you fear him!" murmured Lolah.

"Fear him, nonsense! But it would be very disagreeable to have the old and foolish story which banished us from Palermo, set abroad in Lyons;" and, lost in gloomy meditation, he sank on a carved stone seat by the lake. For a moment the countess stood irresolute by his side—suddenly dropping on one knee, she leaned her beautiful head on his arm, and watching his countenance with those eloquent eyes which had never looked upon him but in love, said, in a low pleading voice,

"Leoni mine, my heart has never had one thought hidden from you, how can you bear to shut yours so utterly from me!"

He made her no answer except by kissing her eyes, as if he might not see and resist their eloquent pleading: but his young wife had gained courage—the worst was over—and her very fondness, which made his anger such a thing of fear, now urged her to endeavour to pursuade, if she could not convince. She implored him to say what was the secret of his wealth; to justify its possession, if possible—if not, to fling it from him: what lot could there be in life which she would not be ready to share with him! Had his wealth made him happy! oh, no! it had sown division between them; it had exiled him from his own land; it was now about to force him to become a wanderer again.

"I tell you, my beloved husband, this secret is to me even as death; I kneel to the Madonna, and my thoughts are not with prayer; in society I shrink from every eye with a vague but ever-present fear—a word, a look, sends the colour from my cheek, and curdles the life-blood at my heart; and yet I know not what I dread: and sleep, oh, sleep is very terrible! for then, Leoni, you tell me what it is death to hear, and I start from my pillow—but when I waken I disbelieve your guilt:—you guilty, Leoni! oh, no! no!" and again her head sank, while the moonlight fell on her pale cheek, and eyes glistening with earnestness and tears.

Weak and self-indulgent, accustomed to yield in all things to the impulse of the moment, Leoni was a very unfit person to be intrusted with a mystery and a secret: he sufficed not to himself; he felt weary of his unshared thoughts; and at this moment he was irresolute—he would even have wished to throw all the responsibility of decision on the fragile and gentle creature by his side.

In the deep stillness of that moonlit midnight he told her all: his voice died in silence, which was interrupted by a faint shriek from his wife: she pointed to the lake, but strong terrour made her speechless—a faint silvery outline of a form was seen in the distant air; it came nearer, and the shadow fell darkly upon the wave: a stately and lovely female slowly advanced across the water, which yielded not beneath her shining feet. The flashing of her radiant eyes fell upon the culprit—she raised her hand, whereon shone the starry talisman as it shone when she bade the spirits give him wealth unbounded and at wish. She beckoned Leoni. A power was on him which forced him to obey—he sprang towards the lake—he sank below the surface—twice he emerged from the bright waves, again they closed over his head, and the moon shone

upon one unbroken line of light. The strange and beautiful being gazed on the spot with a look of horrour; she wrung her hands as if in the helplessness of despair—a low cry came upon the wind, and its mysterious utterer had disappeared. An influence stronger than even fear or love had riveted Lolah like a statue to the place; but as that figure melted into air, a terrible life returned to her—she rushed towards the lake, and with one wild shriek plunged into its depths.

Next morning, the birds were singing among the boughs, the bees were gathering their early honey amid the flowers, the sun had turned the lake into a sheet of gold—when the servants were drawn to the spot by a light-blue scarf floating on the waters; they knew it was what their mistress had worn the night before. The silver flowers embroidered on it, glittering in the sunshine, first caught the eye; assistance was procured, and the bodies were soon found. The wreath of white lilies yet bound the raven tresses of Lolah, some of whose lengths had become entangled round the neck of her husband. They parted them not, but carried them to the château. Ere noon, every inhabitant of Lyons had mourned over their youthful, but marble-like beauty. None knew their history; none ever solved the mystery of their fate—but there were many affectionate hearts that grew sorrowful for their sake—and kind hands buried them together in the same grave.

One morning a marble urn was found upon their tomb, though none could tell who placed it there. On it was exquisitely carved a veiled female figure, with hands clasped as if in prayer, and head bowed down as if weeping; she was kneeling at the foot of the cross: a scroll below was engraven with this one single word—Submission!

## HISTORICAL RESEARCHES.

### MEMOIRS OF FEMALE SOVEREIGNS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

#### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In a short time after Mary's marriage with Lord Darnley, she found that her tenderness and merit were equally thrown away upon him, and instead of respect, devotion, and gratitude, she met with neglect, brutality, and insolence. Among his other vices he was addicted to drinking, and within four months after his marriage, "at an entertainment in a merchant's house in Edinburgh, she only dissuading him from drinking too much himself and enticing others, in both which he proceeded, he gave her such words that she left the place with tears." Darnley bore the title of king, but this did not satisfy him; he wished to have all the power and privileges which had been conferred on Francis by the Scottish parliament, "the crown matrimonial," as it was termed; and less would not content him. But as his temper and character became better known to Mary, she felt a natural disinclination to intrust him with further power; and in this resistance she was confirmed by the advice of her secretary, David Rizzio.

The young king, who could not endure contradiction, was loud in his discontent, sullen and insolent in his demeanour, and threw out various threats against Rizzio. Several noblemen, at the head of whom was the earl of Morton, already mentioned, encouraged and exasperated him still more for their own selfish views: the removal of Rizzio and an utter breach between the queen and her husband were precisely what they most wished for; and a conspiracy was formed, so dark and daring in its contrivance, and so atrocious in its object, that we cannot think of it without astonishment, pity, and horrour. It was resolved to assassinate Rizzio; and among the ruffians who undertook to perpetrate this deed, in the very presence of a woman and their queen, were the king, her husband, the lord chancellor (Morton,) the justice general of the kingdom, and several lords of the privy council—what a picture of barbarism! The details of the murder of Rizzio are well-known. On the ninth of March, 1566, while sitting at supper with the queen and some other ladies, he was attacked by the conspirators, stabbed over Mary's shoulder, who attempted to defend him, then dragged out of the room and despatched at the head of the staircase. Mary was kept locked up in her chamber (where this horrible scene had taken place) the whole night; even her women were not allowed to approach her; but the next day, which was Sunday, Darnley came to her; he could not stand in her presence without feeling some remorse and fear, and Mary, who was ignorant of the whole extent of his guilt, employed all her eloquence to induce him to forsake the desperate men with whom he was leagued, and escape with her; he consented, and they fled together to Dunbar.

The wrongs and insult which had been offered to Mary were so apparent, that she was soon at the head of a powerful army; she consented to pardon Murray and Argyle, but the cruel and perfidious Morton, and the two barbarians, Ruthven and Lindsay, who were among the immediate perpetrators of Rizzio's murder, she threatened with the extremity of her vengeance; they fled to England, always the safe asylum of Mary's enemies, and remained there in safety for some months, till her resentment began to wear away, and other objects engrossed her attention and her feelings.

In June, 1566, Mary gave birth to a son in the castle of Edinburgh, whither she had retired with her husband and her brother, Lord Murray, for the sake of quiet and safety. After her recovery she made a short progress through the country for the benefit of her health, accompanied by the king and her infant son; but though generally together, Mary and her husband were not on good terms; he had deeply disgusted her, and had incurred general contempt and odium by the weakness and ill temper he displayed on every occasion.

It was at this time that Bothwell—the restless, ambitious, dissolute, and daring Bothwell, found favour at court. His character was well-known, but through all these troubles, and amid all the treasons and treachery of those who surrounded her, he had remained faithful to Mary's interests. With regard to the two principal imputations against her, first, of having regarded Bothwell with stronger feelings of approbation than as a virtuous woman she ought to have done; secondly, of having participated in his subsequent crimes, and conspired with him the death of her husband:—these are points on which historians have set forth a mass of contradictory evidence. Some consider her as deeply stained with guilt, tempting at once, and tempted; others have pronounced her the helpless victim of a dark, cruel, and designing man. But to return to well-known and undisputed facts: soon after the birth of her son, the general assembly of the kirk sent a deputation to the queen, praying that she would be graciously pleased to allow the young prince to be educated in the reformed faith. To have acceded to this request would have been against her conscience; to refuse it was perilous. Mary released herself from this dilemma with that grace and woman's wit for which she was remarkable; she replied to the deputation benignly, but without making any definite promise, and calling for her son, she placed him herself in the arms of their spokesman: the grave minister, unable to withstand so much sweetness, pronounced over the infant a prayer for its future prosperity, and at the conclusion won from it a kind of indistinct murmur, which the good man interpreted into an "Amen." The queen, amused by this scene, and gratified in her maternal feelings, loaded the minister with thanks and expressions of the kindest import, playfully styling him "Mr. Amen," by which name he was afterward known. The baptism of the infant took place at Sterling on the nineteenth of December, 1566. Elizabeth, notwithstanding her envious and repining exclamation, that "the queen of Scots should be the mother of a fair son while she was only a barren stock,"—stood godmother, and despatched the earl of Bedford as her ambassador on this occasion, while she deputed the countess of Argyle to officiate as her proxy. She also presented a font of gold to her godson, with a letter full of congratulations and compliments to his mother.

The conduct of Darnley meanwhile was so offensive and grievous to his queen, and she was so distracted by the turbulent passions and the discontent of those around her, partly excited by his ill behaviour, that in the midst of the splendid rejoicings and festivities which accompanied the christening of her son she was often seen in tears, and was heard to wish herself dead. She would not, however, consent to be divorced from Darnley, though a divorce was urged, not by Bothwell only, but by her brother Lord Murray, the earl of Huntley, Maitland, and others of her counsellors. A fear of the consequences to her son, and a feminine horrour against the expedient altogether, seem to have been felt by her, or at least were strongly expressed in her decided reply to her counsellors: "I will that you do nothing by which any spot may be laid on my honour and conscience, and therefore, I pray ye, let the matter be in the estate that it is abiding, till God of his goodness put a remedy to it. That which you believe would do me a service may possibly turn to my hurt and displeasure."

Finding the queen immoveable on this point, Bothwell, whose object was to make himself master of her and of the government, decided on the murder of Darnley: he was then recovering from the small-pox, and lodged for the benefit of the air in a house called the Kirk-of-field, near Edinburgh. Mary was a great deal with him during his convalescence. Subdued by illness, and removed from his evil counsellors, Darnley was no longer peevish, wayward, or violent, but penitent and grateful for kindness; and Mary, in whose facile mind enmity and hatred were ever short-lived, appeared touched by the condition of him, "her life so late and sole delight," and treated him with tenderness. She sometimes brought her band of musicians up from Holyrood-House to amuse him. But on Sunday the ninth of February, a day fatally memorable in the history of Mary, after having visited him as usual, she left him to be present at an entertainment given at the palace of Holyrood, to celebrate the marriage of her French servant Sebastian with Margaret Carwood, one of her ladies in waiting. While engaged in these festivities, the house in which her husband slept was blown up with gunpowder, and his body and that of his servant were found in a garden at some distance. He perished in his twenty-first year, having reigned only eighteen months. Of the grief and horrour which Mary displayed on this occasion it is not necessary to speak; evidently, however, she felt more horrour than grief; and considering how little reason she had to regret Darnley, it is something in favour of her sincerity that she did not seem to *act* a part, but recovered herself quickly, and resumed all her self-possession. So many circumstances conspired to fix suspicion on the earl of Bothwell, that he was brought to trial on the accusation of the earl of Lennox, the father of the murdered king. But the trial was fixed for an early day, the proceedings hurried over; Lennox himself, pleading the shortness of the time, did not appear against him; and Bothwell, in the absence of his legal accuser, was acquitted by a jury composed of the first noblemen in the kingdom.

Bothwell's next object was to marry the queen, and the steps taken for this purpose, if with Mary's consent, were as incomprehensible and apparently unnecessary as they were unpardonable; if taken without her participation, and contrary to her will, the expedients resorted to were so base and villanous that they cannot even be glanced at without horrour. The queen, we are told, was returning from Stirling Castle, towards Edinburgh, with a small retinue, when Bothwell, at the head of one thousand armed men, encountered her on Fountain Bridge, about a mile from Linlithgow, seized the reins of her horse, and carried her, without any resistance, to the castle of Dunbar, where he kept her closely "sequestrated" for a fortnight; while her own servants had no access to her.

## THE MUSE.

### COME FORTH TO OUR REVEL.

Come ye forth to our revel by moonlight,
With your lutes and your spirits in tune;
The dew falls to-night like an odour,
Stars weep o'er our last day in June.
Come, maids, leave the loom and its purple,
Though the robe of a monarch were there;
Seek your mirror, I know 'tis your dearest,
And be it to-night your sole care.

Braid ye your curls in their thousands,
Whether dark as the raven's dark wing,
Or bright as that clear summer colour,
When sunshine lights every ring.
On each snow ankle lace silken sandal,
Don the robes like the neck they hide white;
Then come forth like planets from darkness,
Or like lilies at daybreak's first light.

Is there one who half regal in beauty,
Would be regal in pearl and in gem;
Let her wreathe her a crown of red roses,
No rubies are equal to them.
Is there one who sits languid and lonely,
With her fair face bowed down on her hand,
With a pale cheek and glittering eyelash,
And careless locks 'scaped from their band.

For a lover not worth that eye's tear-drop,
Not worth that sweet mouth's rosy kiss,
Nor that cheek, though 'tis faded to paleness;
I know not the lover that is.
Let her bind up her beautiful tresses;
Call her wandering rose back again;
And for one prisoner 'scaping her bondage,
A hundred shall carry her chain.

Come, gallants, the gay and the graceful,
With hearts like the light plumes ye wear;
Eyes all but divine light our revel,
Like the stars in whose beauty they share.
Come ye, for the wine-cups are mantling,
Some clear as the morning's first light;
Others touched with the evening's last crimson,
Or the blush that may meet ye to-night."

There are plenty of sorrows to chill us,
And troubles last on to the grave;
But the coldest glacier has its rose tint,
And froth rides the stormiest wave.
Oh! hope will spring up from its ashes,
With plumage as bright as before;
And pleasures like lamps in a palace,
If extinct, you need only light more.

When one vein of silver's exhausted,
'Tis easy another to try;
There are fountains enough in the desert,
Though that by your palm-tree be dry:
When an India of gems is around you,
Why ask for the one you have not!
Though the roc in your hall may be wanting,
Be contented with what you have got.

Come to-night, for the white-blossom'd myrtle
Is flinging its love-sighs around;
And beneath like the veiled eastern beauties,
The violets peep from the ground.
Seek ye for gold and for silver,
There are both on these bright orange-trees;
And never in Persia the moonlight
Wept o'er roses more blushing than these.

There are fire-flies sparkling by myriads,
The fountain wave dances in light;
Hark! the mandolin's first notes are waking,
And soft steps break the sleeping of night.
Then come all the young and the graceful,
Come gay as the lovely should be,
'Tis much in this world's toil and trouble,
To let one midnight pass *Sans Souci*.

### THE CLOUDS.

Beautiful clouds! I have watch'd ye long,
Fickle and bright as a fairy throng;
Now ye have gather'd golden beams,
Now ye are parting in silver streams,
Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
Deepening fast to a crimson flush;
Now, like aerial sprites at play,
Ye are lightly dancing another way;
Melting in many a pearly flake,
Like the cygnet's down on the azure lake;
Now ye gather again, and run
To bask in the blaze of a setting sun;
And anon ye serve as Zephyr's car,
Flitting before the evening star.
Now ye ride in mighty form,
With the arms of a giant, to nurse the storm;
Ye grasp the lightning, and fling it on earth,
All flashing and wild as a maniac's mirth;
Ye cavern the thunder, and bravely it roars,
While the forest groans, and the avalanche pours;
Ye launch the torrent with headlong force,
Till the rivers hiss in their boiling course;
Ye come, and your trophies are scatter'd around
In the wreck on the waters, the oak on the ground.
Oh! where is eye that doth not love
The glorious phantoms that glide above?
That hath not look'd on the realms of air
With wondering soul and bursting prayer!
Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bow'd
To its God at the shrine of a passing cloud?

## ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

### TALMA AND TANCRED.

Talma was fond of relating his different studies and successes in acting. He used to maintain that no actor could ever be perfect for when young, he had not the advantage of study; and when he had acquired experience, he had lost the vigour and fire of youth. "I used to play," he added, "without much system, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and endeavouring to persuade myself that I was not Talma, but Achilles or Nero. This, however, did not answer: when I succeeded in forgetting myself, I did very well; but my acting was unequal; besides which, I was often exhausted by emotion. However, I sometimes succeeded in deceiving the audience as well as myself, and then I was amply rewarded for my efforts. I remember that I played Tancred at Marseilles in 1800. In the scene where Tancred is brought in mortally wounded, wrapped in the banners he has taken from the enemy, I was so completely lost in my part, that I really thought I was dying; and my unwillingness to die, and my grief at leaving my mistress, were, in a great measure, real. The effect I produced was tremendous, and one lady uttered a piercing shriek, and was carried out fainting. This was one of my most gratifying triumphs. I have since learned that the actor's true object is to affect the audience, and not himself; and to control others, he must be master of himself. Still that shriek—that shriek which is still ringing in my ears, is an argument against me. It is but a single instance—but one such cry of terrour is worth a whole thunder of applause." Talma had hardly ended, when one of the company, a lady, gave him her address, and requested the favour of a visit the next morning. He did not fail to wait upon her, and she addressed him at once—"You remember when you played Tancred at Marseilles, and how a lady shrieked and fainted during your death-scene!"

"Certainly, madame, I mentioned the circumstance yesterday."

"I ought to explain it to you."

"How, madame, are you—"

"Listen, if you please. I was forced by my parents to marry a Genoese gentleman of great wealth, but who made my life miserable by that jealous, irritable spirit for which his countrymen are notorious. He knew that I never felt any affection for him, and, conscious of his own want of principles he had no confidence in my sense of duty. On the night you played Tancred, a gentleman came into our box, whom I had known before my marriage, and whom, I freely confess, I would gladly have married instead of my jealous tormentor. The gentleman had travelled much since I saw him, and I listened with great interest to his descriptions of his adventures, though without any attempt on his part to seek my confidence or regard. I will even confess that I paid so little attention to your playing that I did not know when you were on the stage. My husband watched me with the eye of a tiger, and I suppose got perfectly furious at the interest I evidently took in the gentleman's conversation. He at last lost all patience, and while you were playing the last scene, he seized me by the arm with such fury that I shrieked with pain, and fainted away. As I fell backwards I heard some one say, 'Talma did not play well to-night, but the death-scene was magnificent.'"

"What!" cried Talma, "that piercing cry which flattered me so much was not intended for me! It seems you had not even listened to me, and that your shrieks were caused by a private tragedy of your own, and not by mine!"

"That is the true state of the case, and you must not consider that shriek of mine any argument against your favourite theory. I will only add that the brutal conduct of my husband forced him to leave Marseilles, and he died lately in Genoa."

Whenever any one maintained that an actor ought to forget art, and identify himself with his character, Talma used to tell this story about his Tancred.

### MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

A lively French journal, the *Vert-Vert*, ridicules the extravagant admiration of which this really talented actress is the object.

"Every noise has its echo, every success its imitators. The surest receipt for producing fifty million unheard of wonders, is to have a single one to begin with. Troubles never come alone, says the proverb, and so it is with prodigies; they follow each other rapidly. The number of prodigies now-a-days is actually prodigious.

Our readers will remember the Sicilian shepherd-boy, who was exhibited in Paris not long ago, and who had the singular faculty of swallowing, not gingerbread, but tough mathematical theorems, which are much more indigestible. As soon as he made his appearance, all France was overrun with Sicilian shepherd-boys, who worked out the differential calculus before they could say papa, and demonstrated the forty-seventh of Euclid at three days old. All these children cried in algebraic letters, devoured all the tables of logarithms that were given them, as if they were sugar-plums, and shed tears when they saw a treatise on trigonometry. Every city, every village, every hamlet, had its Vito Mangiameli. The minister of public instruction, to whom, of course, the parents of all these wonderful children addressed themselves, was on the point of erecting colleges for youthful phenomena in all our cities; every candidate for admission to be under three years old, and to know everything.

After mathematics came magnetism; after Vito Mangiameli, Mademoiselle Pigeaire. While she was in vogue, the secretary of the academy of sciences had no sinecure: he received thousands of magnetic letters every day. First a mother wrote him, whose daughter could read with her heels, having never learned to read by the eyes; and then came a letter from a father, whose son showed great magnetic capabilities, as he never failed to catch his pretty cousin, when he played blindman's buff. Everybody knew somebody who could read with his eyes shut, and write with his knee: people actually began to doubt whether eyes were at all necessary, and all the magnetizers of Paris signed a petition, praying that the asylums for the blind might be abandoned, and that a hospital might be opened for those afflicted beings who could see with both eyes open. Mangiameli is forgotten, and Mademoiselle Pigeaire sits in obscurity. It is now Mademoiselle Rachel's turn; every little girl in France wants to be an actress, and to be called Emilia, Hermione, or Roxana. If a child of six years old repeats her fables correctly, the mother says, "Well done, daughter, be a good girl, and you shall have a place at the Comedie Française. The diligences come loaded with actresses. Poor tragedy, what will become of it!

While on this subject, we may mention that a gigantic hoax was played off on the fashionables of Paris, on last April-fool's day, of which this same Mdlle. Rachel was the innocent heroine. On the evening of the thirty-first of March, all the gay world received a printed circular, of which we give a translation below:

To-morrow, (Wednesday,) at eight in the evening, the baptism of the distinguished Jewess, Mlle. Rachel, will be celebrated in the parish church of St. Roch. The homily will be pronounced by the Lord Bishop of Morocco, the ceremony performed by the Lord Bishop of Algiers, and an act of thanksgiving by his grace the future archbishop of Paris. Carriages will set down the company in the Rue Neuve St. Roch.

The circular produced a great stir. The ladies laid out their most brilliant diamonds in order to grace the occasion—and themselves. The street began to fill with carriages by seven o'clock; one of the under secretaries of state went down post to Mlle. Rachel's country house at Montmorency to inquire into the matter, and a committee from the theatre went down by rail-road, the agent kindly running an express for them without compensation!

### ROMAN NEWSPAPERS.

Every day the vanity of modern times is destined to a new mortification. We are continually finding out that some of our most vaunted improvements are only re-discoveries. How often has the press boasted of belonging to modern times and modern intelligence exclusively! In so saying, the press, we fear, has shown more self-conceit than real knowledge. M. Leclerc, the head of the faculty of letters at the Sorbonne, has just published a most valuable work, containing all that is known of the Roman newspapers, and more than enough to show that they did exist at Rome, and that at an early period. He proves this from Pliny, Cicero, Tacitus, and Suetonius, and fixes the date of their appearance at the year 623. At this time, he supposes, the columns on which records were engraved were found insufficient for the purpose, and newspapers substituted. The annals thus sculptured cease about the year 623. The oldest authentic fragment of a paper we have is not older than 671, unless we suppose some passages from Cicero's familiar letters to bear this construction. Celius Rufus, to whom the letters are addressed, a man of talent, though of dissipated character, sends frequently to Cicero the news of the day, which the great orator reproaches him with having taken carelessly from the newspapers, among others from one published by one Chrestus. And these news, we may remark, are very much like those which make up the staple of every newspaper. Such are, a false report of Cæsar's death; an exaggerated account of Cæsar's reverses in Gaul; a number of lawsuits; articles accusing Pompey of want of talent, and the like. The resemblance is much more striking, when the fragments we have collected are gathered together, as has been done by M. Leclerc. We have endeavoured to put these scattered pieces together, so as to make up a journal like those now published, and leave our readers to compare them together.

SPECIMEN OF A ROMAN NEWSPAPER UNDER THE EMPEROURS.

Politics.—The longest political fragments we have relate to the election of emperours. There are several pages, containing the senate's imprecations on Commodus after his death; and the rejoicings of the people at the elevation of Claudius, of which the following are specimens:—"Augustus Claudius, may heaven preserve you to us! (repeated sixty times.) Claudius Augustus, you or such as you we have always wished for our ruler. (Forty times.) Claudius Augustus, the republic called for you!"

The emperours took care to have everything that might do them honour inserted in the papers: thus on the fifteenth of February, in the year 709 (or forty-five before Christ) Cæsar caused it to be published that the crown had been offered him by the consul in the name of the people and refused. Commodus was not ashamed to publish all his orgies, all his exploits as a gladiator. Tiberius caused all the reproaches and complaints against him that came to his ears, to be inserted in the newspapers, together with the names of those who had uttered them: which amounted to a sentence of death.

Novelties, news of the day.—Under this head we find many paragraphs exactly like those we read now-a-days, while others are of a more peculiar and antique character. Thus we read in the paper of the eleventh April, 748: "Caius Crispinus Hilarius, of a respectable plebeian family of Fesulæ, attended by his nine children, (two of whom are daughters) twenty-seven grandsons, twenty-nine great-grandsons, and eight great-granddaughters, sacrificed to Jupiter Capitolinus at the head of his numerous descendants."

In another gazette of the tenth January, 781, or twenty-eight years before Christ, we find—

"When Titus Sabinus was condemned to death for having been the friend of Germanicus, and all his slaves with him, a dog belonging to one of his servants could not be kept away from the prison, and accompanied the corpse to the Gemonies, howling and crying most pitiably, in the presence of a great many spectators. A piece of bread had been thrown to him: he put it in his master's mouth, and when the body was thrown into the Tiber he sprung in and tried to keep him above the water, while the people came together from all quarters to admire the animal's fidelity."

Such notices as the above we read every day: here are some which belong to a different state of society:

"The phœnix was introduced into Rome, the Emperour Claudius being censor, in the year 800, and shown in the Comitium, as is proved by the Acta (a journal). Every one believed, however, that it was an artificial one."

The Greek historian Dion tells us that "Livias Agrippina's mother surpassed all her sex in vanity; and when senators—nay, even when plebeians paid their court to her, she always gave them audience, and took care *to have their names published in the newspapers*."

Petronius gives us a summary of the miscellaneous news in one of their journals thus:—"On the twenty-sixth July, thirty boys and forty girls were born on the estates of Trimalchio, at Cumæ, and five hundred thousand bushels of grain were stored away in the barns. On the same day, the slave Mithridates was crucified for blasphemy, and a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens," etc. etc.

Fine arts.—That some part of the Roman journals was devoted to the arts, we learn from Tacitus, who tells us, in the thirteenth book of the Annals, cap. 31.—

"In the second consulship of Nero with Lucius Piso, there happened little worthy of note, unless we think proper to fill our volumes with praise of the foundations and framework of the amphitheatre built by the emperour in the Campus Martius: though it seems to suit the dignity of the Roman people to mention illustrious actions in history, and such as these in the *daily papers of the city*."

Dion moreover writes:—"At this time, (twenty-three years before Christ,) a grand portico, which leaned to one side, was skilfully repaired by an architect, whose name is unknown; for Tiberius, jealous of his ability, would not permit him to be named in the papers. We know, at least, whatever his name was, that he began by strengthening on every side the foundations of the portico, so as to prevent their giving way; that he then covered the walls with cloths and thick mattresses, and fastening ropes to the whole structure, brought it up to its former position by the help of labourers and windlasses."

That theatrical intelligence also had its place is proved by a passage in one of Cicero's familiar letters. "You will find the standing of every orator in the *News* of Rome. Choose those which interest you, and pass over a mass of articles, such as the actors who were hissed, funeral ceremonies, and other unimportant intelligence." And if to these topics we add their law reports, the speeches of the tribunes of the people, and the proceedings of the senate, we shall find that the contents of the Roman newspaper differed but little from those of our own day. Unfortunately we do not know in what shape they appeared, nor how they were edited and published.

## ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

### AN AFTERNOON IN THE WOODLANDS.

Reader, I invite thee to leave thy occupation for a little while, and come with me into the woods, and we will hold silent and holy communion with the visible forms of nature. Come, and I promise thee that when thou returnest, thy heart will have become more peaceful and happy than it was before.

Here, then, let us rest ourselves on this mossy bank which lies in the very heart of the lonely woods. It is the sultry hour of noon, but the glaring heat of the sun does not reach this place. Like music of angels, the hum of the distant city comes softly echoing through these mellow lighted chambers of solitude. Here, Silence is for ever seated on her invisible throne. The song of the drowsy bee, and the chirp of the grasshopper, tend but to impress us more deeply with the surrounding stillness. There is not a breath of air. A single leaf has detached itself from that maple tree, and is sinking to the earth. Thus, one after another, do our most cherished hopes pass away. See—here comes a little yellow-winged butterfly, flitting from flower to flower. It is a strange yet beautiful truth—God protects that little insect with the same care that he does each member of the human family. Is he not a God of love?

In a place like this, how many fantastic images rise up before the mind and eye! Even now, I behold a leafy temple, formed by the locked branches of the trees. It is the dwelling-place of the spirits of the wood. Ah! here they come, a bright and beautiful band. They have been wandering in the far off mute woodlands, and are now returning to revel in their emerald abode. There are many of them, but she who seems to be the queen is robed in a garment made of the wild rose. The petals of the primrose, the violet, the marigold and lily, have been wrought into various robes to encircle the graceful forms of others. Each one is the guardian spirit of some flower, or plant, or tree. I hear one of them complain, while a tear glistens in her eye, that a wicked mortal has pulled up one of her sassafras trees. Another is mourning the death of a favourite flower; while each in turn is relating some incident connected with her wanderings. Excepting these few troubles, how happy and free from care are these

little woodland inhabitants. Would it were thus with the beautiful among men. But this can never be, for where sin and impurity are known, peace and happiness are strangers.

But look! they have spread a banquet, and are preparing to enjoy it. Their table is covered with the products of their own domain. Fruit from the sturdy walnut and chestnut trees is there; honey, gathered from the hive of the wild bee; and their wine is brought from the clear spring, or caught from the leaves which were heavy with dew. Gentle music is breathing through that sylvan abode. Deeper and merrier do the cadences become. A shout—and they are laughing and dancing with delight.

I am awake. The sweet vision has departed, and I hear no sound save the cooing of the dove, the song of the cuckoo, and the buzzing humblebee, all mingled in one harmonious strain. Tell me not that the woods are mute and lonely! Ah, no, they have a thousand tongues, and are the home of many of Nature's most beautiful creatures.

They are the favourite resort of poets and philosophers. Lovers, too, delight to retire to woodland paths and muse on future years of happiness. The thoughts which they give birth to are of the purest and most exalted kind. Those feelings and passions engendered by familiar intercourse with men, cannot enter these holy sanctuaries of Nature. We must leave *them* all behind, if we desire to have the trees, the brooks, the moss, the birds and flowers welcome us with sympathy and love.

How gracefully does the ivy cling to that aged oak! Most aptly has it been called an emblem of woman's love. Look at that hickory! How like one of the marble columns of Balbec does it loom—upward. It is a noble tree, but it seems proud of its strength and majesty. And it has a right to feel so, for it bears within its arms one of the largest and most luxuriant grape-vines of the forest. I am reminded of those comforting words which came from our Saviour, when he said to his disciples, "I am the true vine; God is the husbandman, and ye are the branches."

Let us resume our walk, but with careful steps, for our pathway is covered with flowers. I see a pale, delicate lily peeping out from under the shadow of that fallen tree. How much does it seem like some lovely maiden whose spirit strives to rise above the darkness caused by unrequited affection. Are not flowers the emblems of everything we love. They have a silent voice which sinks deeply into the heart. We behold the furrow pass over the field, and receive on its cold damp bosom the crushed image of the daisy; and, recalling to mind the following beautiful lines by Burns, we acknowledge their truth and wisdom:

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful, he, to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate of suffering worth is given
Who long with wants and woes has striven
By human pride, or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till wrecked of every stay but heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

Here we come at last to my favourite retreat. It is a little shady dell, through the centre of which a small rivulet goes murmuring along. A tree has fallen across, which answers the purpose of a bridge. On that we will again seat ourselves. This nameless brook is the most constant of all my friends, for every time I come here it teaches me the same sweet and soothing lessons. Even when clasped in the cold embrace of winter it has a voice of instruction. I have known it for many years, and I verily believe I am the only person who has ever rested upon its banks before. It was the delight of my youth to come all alone to this lonely spot, during the long hours of the pleasant summer-time, and study the mysteries of the universe. Many, many days have I spent in reading and dreaming on these soft green banks—shaded from the hot sun by the thick foliage of overhanging trees. And I do not deem those days as miss-spent time! Far from it. I held communion with my own heart; looked deep into that fountain, and wondered at the shadows which were wont to darken its unruffled waters. I have mused on the holy character of God, and on my own insignificance; and these thoughts have made me contented and happy, though humble. In these solitudes, I prepared myself to meet with fortitude the troubles and trials of active life. Here, too, I have pondered over the pages of Milton, and been startled by his sublimity; with him have walked through the garden of Eden, and on the burning pavements of hell; over those of Shakspeare, and held converse with the wonderful beings of his mighty mind; over those of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and been charmed by their deep and beautiful philosophy.

If we are anxious to meditate on the past, or look into the mysterious future, there is no place better fitted for that purpose than the lonely woods—far remote from town and hamlet. Everything we there see will inspire us with peaceful thoughts of purity and love.

Here, as well as everywhere, nature will speak to us in emblems. Like man, this little rivulet is born a wanderer; but, unlike him, the business of its life is to laugh and be happy. Far up among the hills it commences its career. At first it skips along as though it feared to come in contact with the rude rocks around; but as it proceeds, it gathers confidence, and in a little while the echo of its dashing is in the glen below. Now, it is gliding by us so silently you would hardly think it to be so near, were it not for the music of its ripples and the noise of breaking bubbles. How beautiful is that water-lily, which is bending over to gaze at its own sweet image in the liquid mirror! See! under that drooping willow, and almost hid from view by the tall reeds,

"How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck, and her brood!"

But come, my friend, we must continue our walk, for there are other sights and sounds to enjoy before we wend our homeward pathway. Look! I told you so. A red-winged blackbird has perched on the topmost bough of that slender ash for the express purpose of giving us a song. His weight and haste have overwhelmed him in the green waves—now, he is plainly seen above the highest leaf. How clear, loud and shrill his voice! There—there he goes again! What a fellow! just as though he thought us too ignorant to appreciate his song. Dear bird, I love you for your coquettish impudence!

We have come out of the thick wood, and are now in the open fields. It is the time of harvest. The scythe, wielded by the brawny farmer, cuts down the golden grain. The more delicate portion of the reapers gather it into sheafs. But in the midst of that rural company there is one eye more brilliant than the rest. Sarah Bell, who is known in every cottage as "the primrose of the vale," is there. She is the exact counterpart of that lovely being which Bloomfield saw among the gleaners, when he wrote the following:

For lo! encircled there, the lovely maid,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather stout and brown;
Invidious barrier; why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by;
Then half revealing to the eager sight
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white;
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a joke of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

Happy and independent indeed is the life of the industrious farmer. The green field is his home, the blue sky his canopy, and the meadow-lark is the living lute which cheers him with melody.

Glance upward; how proudly does that eagle bathe his rough bosom in the upper air! He is all alone—playing, it would seem, with his own thoughts—wheeling suddenly round—now falling or rising—then gliding smoothly away. He looks with scorn upon our earth. If we could follow him with our eyes, in half an hour we should see him feeding his young, on the brow of some cliff which frowns upon a distant sea.

See you yonder hill, whose summit is visible above the trees, skirting the eastern border of this field? Well! from that spot I wish you to gaze with me upon the setting sun.

Our desired eminence is attained. What a gorgeous landscape is before us! How refreshing is the evening breeze which comes to us laden with the fragrance of flowery fields!

"The sun hath made a glorious set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

Yes, the wheels of his chariot have just gone down into the waters of the far-off western sea. How beautiful are those clouds! They seem like fairy islands in a stormless sea. Do you not behold mountains and vallies and far winding streams? Are they not inhabited by angels? Do you not hear their evening anthem as they welcome approaching night? They are gone—all, all gone.

The far-extending valley before us is fast melting into the dusk of twilight. "The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, the hum of their course is on the fields." The birds have gone to their nests. The flowers, afraid of the breath of night, have bid adieu to the sun and closed their petals. No sound is heard save the sighing of the gentle wind, and the dying murmur of rural sounds.

And now, before we part, kind reader, I wish you to drink in the sad sweet melody of a favourite minstrel, whose harp was tuned at such an hour as this.

"Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And woods, *I think of those who have no friend*,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen; and watch the tints that on thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye,
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Not hear the hourly moans of misery!
Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!"

Silence has again settled upon town, hamlet and cottage. The woods are dark and solitary. Nature and all her works have retired to repose. God is looking down upon the world in watchfulness and love.

## SELECTIONS FROM NEW WORKS.

### SHELLEY'S ESSAYS FROM ABROAD.

THE COLISEUM.—I think I told you of the Coliseum, and its impressions on me on my first visit to this city. The next most considerable relic of antiquity, considered as a ruin, is the Thermæ of Caracalla. These consist of six enormous chambers, above two hundred feet in height, and each inclosing a vast space like that of a field. There are, in addition, a number of towers and labyrinthine recesses, hidden and woven by over the wild growth of weeds and ivy. Never was any desolation more sublime and lovely. The perpendicular wall of ruin is cloven into steep ravines filled up with flowering shrubs, whose thick twisted roots are knotted in the rifts of the stones. At every step the aërial pinnacles of shattered stone group into new combinations of effect, and tower above the lofty yet level walls, as the distant mountains change their aspect to one travelling rapidly along the plain. The perpendicular walls resemble nothing more than that cliff of Bisham wood, that is overgrown with wood, and yet is stony and precipitous—you know the one I mean; not a chalk-pit, but the spot that has the pretty copse of fir-trees and privet-bushes at its base, and where H * * and I scrambled up, and you, to my infinite discontent, would go home. These walls surround green and level spaces of lawn, on which some elms have grown, and which are interspersed towards their skirts by masses of the fallen ruin, over-twined with the broad leaves of the creeping weeds. The blue sky canopies it, and is as the everlasting roof of these enormous halls. But the most interesting effect remains. In one of the buttresses, that supports an immense and lofty arch, which "bridges the very winds of heaven," are the crumbling remains of an antique winding staircase, whose sides are open in many places to the precipice. This you ascend, and arrive on the summits of these piles. There grow on every side thick entangled wildernesses of myrtle, and the myrletus, and bay, and the flowering laurustinus, whose white blossoms are just developed, the wild fig, and a thousand nameless plants sown by the wandering winds. These woods are intersected on every side by paths, like sheep tracks through the copse-wood of steep mountains, which wind to every part of the immense labyrinth. From the midst rise those pinnacles and masses, themselves like mountains, which have been seen from below. In one place you wind along a narrow strip of weed-grown ruin, on one side is the immensity of earth and sky, on the other a narrow chasm, which is bounded by an arch of enormous size, fringed by many-coloured foliage and blossoms, and supporting a lofty and irregular pyramid, overgrown like itself with the all-prevailing vegetation. Around rise other crags and other peaks, all arrayed, and the deformity of their vast desolation softened down, by the undecaying investiture of nature. Come to Rome. It is a scene by which expression is overpowered; which words cannot convey. Still farther, winding up one-half of the shattered pyramids, by the path through the blooming copsewood, you come to a little mossy lawn, surrounded by the wild shrubs; it is overgrown with anemones, wall-flowers, and violets, whose stalks pierce the starry moss, and with radiant blue flowers, whose names I know not, and which scatter through the air the divinest odour, which, as you recline under the shade of the ruin, produces sensations of voluptuous faintness, like the combinations of sweet music. The paths still wind on, threading the perplexed windings, other labyrinths, other lawns, and deep dells of wood, and lofty rocks, and terrific chasms. When I tell you that these ruins cover several acres, and that the paths above penetrate at least half their extent, your imaginations will fill up all that I am unable to express of this astonishing scene.

THE STATUES IN THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE.—Of all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, the Niobe figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of a woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its value; because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children. The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defence, where it never before could have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate wool; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right (as the restorer has properly imagined) is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture, and by its gentle pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything. That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is imbodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined, and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terrour in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger: of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions. Everything is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears: her countenance bears an assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away. It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance, or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results. The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momently to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is of an oval fulness, and the features conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

## EXCERPTS FROM MR. FAY'S NEW NOVEL.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.—Claude was one of those strongly acted upon by the various aspects of nature. It was not necessary for him to seek Alpine cliffs, Italian shores, and distant deserts, to thrill beneath the beauty and power which, to those formed to be touched by these divine mysteries, lie ever around, above their heads, and beneath their feet. Where the common mind wanders unstirred, beholding only common things, his finer spirit saw God's footstep and the writing of his hand; and he entered this perfectly-abandoned forest, with its heavy piles of foliage and shadows—its dark aisles—its grassy and flower-enamelled floor—its arched and leafy vaults, and its utterly hushed recesses, with a feeling of solemn delight and awe, which made him move slowly, as over enchanted ground. The trees, as they stood greuped around, to his aroused imagination half seemed a company of unearthly beings, communing with each other in a wordless language, and reaching forth to the earth and to the stars their ancient and appealing arms. "Who knows," thought our ever-musing wanderer, "but that the spirit of consciousness, which lies in so many forms—which God has shed into matter in such various ways, may lurk in these dim shapes—may flow through their twisted and gently moving limbs—may warm their aged hearts, and sparkle in their outbursting buds and leaves! Why should not the tree feel the breeze that wakes its branches—the tempest that threatens to tear up its 'earth-bound roots.' Who knows but they are spirits watching the ways of men—bending with pity over the pining lover—calmly watching the conqueror's car—shading the boy at his happy and fleeting sports—or, when life is done, waving over his grave, and knowing more of earth and its mysteries than we its masters! Who can pretend to possess the deep secrets that lie around us?" There came over his memory recollections of his youthful hours, when it had been his delight to climb into the branches. Ah! they then brought to his careless mind no such dim and fearful thoughts! His heart then saw in the earth around him only the bright colours of happiness and hope; and the wondrous objects now startling him with mysterious meaning and with strange beauty, but half seen before, struck his delighted eye, without printing themselves so solemnly on his soul.

MADAME WHARTON.—There are people who strike the eye at the first glance; produce an impression of beauty or dignity, which grows weaker the more they are seen and known. There are others who, without discovering themselves at first, disclose in each subsequent interview most interesting peculiarities of expression and manner. The form, before unobserved, moves with an increasing grace and charm, and the countenance discloses hidden powers. Madame Wharton was one of this kind. Claude could scarcely recognize in her the unobtrusive lady whom he first met in the diligence. The more he saw her, the more he admired and wondered, the nobler became her gait, the more impressive and intellectual her countenance. Her smile discovered a sweetness, and her eyes a light, which shed, even yet, around her features a kind of mellow beauty more imposing than the charms of youth. It was her character and mind which shone through her face and actions. When she quitted him—her eyes, lately so severe, bathed in tears—he could scarcely refrain from throwing himself at her feet. Indeed, he had done more. He had sworn to be her slave. The playful compact, originally commenced in jest, had suddenly turned to very serious earnest; and, at the command of this poor and neglected stranger—as if she had been an angry angel—he had pledged himself to abandon the prize which seemed within his reach, and upon which the whole happiness of his life depended.

BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE.—The evening seemed to grow softer and brighter as he advanced. The sky had at first been dashed over with small white clouds disposed in airy waves, a sea rippled by a summer breeze, through which the moon steadily and peacefully held her course, even as an unswerving and patient mind pursues the path appointed by heaven. As he walked on, these fleecy shapes broke silently apart, gentle as thought, and, like it, mingling and separating with a noiseless motion, till, dissolved into torn fragments, like the vanishing doubts of a pure and settled mind, they at length disappeared entirely, and left the void all stainless and still—its fathomless extent glittering with those wonderful systems which God has hung before our eyes—a revelation of his immensity, benevolence, and power. "It is virtue," thought he; "it is truth. What an emblem! what a lesson! God spreads it above our heads to teach us to look up! to raise our eyes from the earth, whose magnificence and grandeur are so infinitely surpassed, that we may daily view it and nightly study it. It shadows forth not only what *he* is, but what *we* may be, trusting to him, and lifting our eyes above the earth!"

NOON IN THE THIERGARTEN.—The park at this hour, in the middle of a summer day, appears like the cool abodes of the blessed. It is almost entirely deserted by human intruders. The labourers are at their toil; the fashion-hunters are generally abroad elsewhere at the various watering-places in search of pleasure, and those in town postpone their drive till the sultry heat has given way to the cool afternoon shadows. Scarcely any one is seen, except some student with his book, his long hair, unshorn beard, open collar, and velvet coat, giving to him the appearance of an Italian of the middle ages; or, perhaps, a bronzed peasant-woman, dropping beneath a heavy burden, or an officer riding along the deeply shaded avenues, his bright uniform, nodding feather, and horse glancing through the trees. The breath of this charming wood was cool and fragrant, as its moist paths and fanciful bridges are profusely fringed with flowers. The little islands lay in the motionless water fresh and green. The birds called to each other through the silent glades. The beak of the woodpecker made the forest resound, and the squirrels leaped, paused, and listened in the road; and the swans, those most beautiful objects in creation, when throned on the water, gave to the landscape the air of some enchanted island, which might have intreasured the perennial bowers of Calypso and her nymphs.

DUELLING.—Honour is in the mind, and the disgrace of a blow is conditional. If one receives it passively because one is *afraid* to resent it, then certainly a blow is a disgrace of the last extremity; but if one receives it, and refuses to seek the ordinary redress from a pure principle, because he believes that an intellectual man and a christian ought to suffer any outward indignity rather than violate the *law of God*, I say that man is a character of the noblest order; and, just in the proportion in which he shocks the prejudices of mankind, and exposes himself to ridicule, misinterpretation and odium, just in that proportion his abstaining from the vulgar mode of vengeance is grand and brave.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*In the first place, most affectionate reader, let us entreat thee to substitute* late *for "tale labours," in our notice of "Manlius," the week before last.*

Qui Vive *ought to have kept a sharper look-out for* prosodial *discrepancies.*

Wildfire *is too tame, and* Gentle Shepherd *roars like a beast of prey.*

*We have no relish for* Condiment. *There is no savour in his salt, and what we suppose was intended for pepper would require "an onion and the death of a dear friend" to produce half a tear to a castor full.*

S. T., Montgomery, O. P. *and* Socii *have been "under consideration," and finally considered unfit for the Mirror.*

Salathiel *is exceedingly sarcastic, and, we have reason to believe, justly so; but he must be aware that he discourses of matters of too much* personal *moment, to permit the publication of his remarks, upon merely anonymous authority.*

Is nobody coming to marry me *is respectfully informed that we don't know.*

Oliver Twist *has got his poetical feet into a* kink.

A seeker after truth *manifests his sincerity by the utterance of a gross falsehood in the second sentence of his communication.*


# THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION NO. 142 FULTON-STREET.


☞ THE present number completes the seventeenth year of the New-York Mirror—and is the conclusion of one of the best volumes of a periodical work ever issued in this or any other country. Those who will examine the work when bound into a book will readily acknowledge this fact. The whole numbers form a volume of great value and intense interest, adorned with numerous engravings, music, etc., printed in a manner unsurpassed by any similar journal in the world. Good as the present volume undoubtedly is, the next will be far superiour in all respects. The embellishments that have been omitted in this, (and it was found to be impossible to get them ready in time, without marring their beauty,) *will be given in the forthcoming volume;* and great care will be taken to publish the most exquisite *melodies of the day*, which in themselves would be cheap, if purchased at *double the entire cost of the Mirror.* A number of new correspondents have been engaged, and we are determined that no expense shall be spared to secure to the Mirror its present high position in the front rank of American periodical literature. All we require of subscribers and agents is *punctuality on their part*, and no exertions will be spared on our own, to render the Mirror an ELEGANT PARLOUR JOURNAL, and an ornament to our literature. The readers of this work have ever been among the most elegant, refined and fashionable circles of our country, and nothing therefore, ever has, nor, while it is under the superintendence of its present conductor, ever will, appear in its pages, calculated to call a blush to the cheek, or "vibrate unpleasantly on the ear of the most sensitive daughter of Eve." We think all familiar with the contents of the Mirror will do us the simple justice to admit this statement; and our past course, we trust, is a sufficient guarantee for the future. Towards our contemporaries we have entertained no jealousies of any description, but, looking upon them as fellow-labourers in the literary fields, have ever treated them with courtesy and consideration; and it gives us great pleasure, in this place, to acknowledge their uniform urbanity and kindness, on all proper occasions, towards us. The Mirror has been encouraged by an enlightened press, and cherished by a generous and discerning public, and we hope to go on hereafter with the same zeal in which we began our task—a life-time ago—offending none, and affording instruction and amusement to all who do us the honour to read what we write and publish. Notwithstanding our inoffensive course, our path has not been one of roses. We began the Mirror when a mere boy, and we have toiled incessantly in our vocation until we have grown gray in the service of the public; and, although we have realized less than those engaged in the most humble avocations of life, we trust that our time has not been unprofitably spent—if we have not secured happiness to ourselves, we hope that we have contributed to that of others. If this be the case, we trust, in all sincerity, that we have been serviceable in our day and generation, and that we have not altogether lived in vain. The toils, perplexities, and annoyances of an editor, none but an editor can understand. They are not unfrequently discouraging, and he must have a stout heart, indeed, who does not occasionally falter by the road-side. We ourselves have sometimes been almost overcome by the innumerable disappointments and difficulties that have beset our steps. Many of the burdens that we have endured have arisen from the want of consideration on the part of some of our subscribers and agents, who have withheld from us our reasonable reward for which we furnished them an abundant equivalent; and we shall be pardoned for saying here that if ever we have broken a promise in any way, they are the sole and only cause. Having confidence in all who read such a journal as the Mirror, we have sent it to such as requested us to do so, and, in very many instances, without receiving the trifling sum—for it is a trifling sum, when it is remembered what is given in return for it—considering it a *debt of honour*, and having faith in the honour of those who voluntarily became either agents or subscribers. In some cases, the money has been forwarded in letters with the postage unpaid—in others, the bills enclosed have been at a heavy discount—and in others again—and this is a large amount—the bills are still due. The consequence of these things is almost ruin to us—they have paralyzed our exertions, destroyed our tranquillity—and the perplexities that have arisen, have sometimes nearly broken our heart. Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire—and no one with correct ideas of honour or honesty, would withhold such a sum, so justly due—so fairly earned by the incessant labour of head and hand—nor endeavour to make it less by taxing us with postage or discount. Is it unreasonable in us to expect a fair remuneration for our exertions in the cause of letters? and will we now be pardoned for requesting those to whom these remarks apply to cancel their indebtedness to this establishment? If they knew the trouble they inflicted, they would surely at once remove this cause of complaint, and cheer us on our way with something more substantial than empty praise and cold neglect. To those who have ever been mindful of our claims—without whose kind remembrance this paper never could have been issued a single year—we tender our grateful acknowledgments, and again we look to them for a prompt compliance with our terms of publication. They are our true friends—and we are proud to say the Mirror has many such. In looking over our subscription list we find the names of many of the most eminent individuals of the land, who would be ashamed to receive the Mirror without paying for it, and who at the commencement of each and every volume have done us the *only favour*—beyond that of continuing our constant readers—that has ever been required of them—that of complying with the conditions of subscription. *We know that they will do so now.* And we close this article with an apology for its length, in the sincere hope that a sense of justice on the part of those to whom it is principally addressed, will render it unnecessary for us ever to write a similar one. Our remarks have been wrung from us, and we have been pained as we indited them.

*The "old Sugar-house."*—Amid the mutations of this ever-changing and ever *improving* city, he who reverences the fixtures of the olden time, is but too frequently called upon to lament the demolition of ancient landmarks, and to feel a sort of regretful sadness as one after another is tumbled into the street for the erection of some other edifice, itself to share its predecessor's fate in a few brief years; for such is the restlessness of this commercial population, that no building, be it church, custom-house, or exchange, can count upon "standing in its integrity" for half a century. Such, however, is not the feeling in relation to the old Tolbooth recently demolished in Liberty-street. The gloomy old Sugar-house has stood too long, and we are rejoiced to see it levelled with the ground. It has long been a blemish upon this well-built quarter of the town—an unsightly object in itself, and still more disagreeable from its associations. Its massive black walls and rusted window-gratings, are full of dreary reminiscences, and recall the mind to scenes of wretchedness and misery almost too painful for reflection. This building was the prison and the grave of hundreds and thousands of our gallant forefathers of the revolution; and in demolishing its gloomy corridors and dark and dank dungeons, the workmen find many evidences of the patriot's incarceration. Many of the walls are marked with the initials of the sufferers; dates are remaining cut into the hard stone, and various other mementoes of the misery there endured by the soldiers of freedom are visible. Glad are we to see *one* spot in New-York in ruins. It is about the second pleasant sight of the sort, for several years, and inferiour only in *interest* to the destruction of the pile of craggy bolders in the Park called "Bridewell." When we see workmen quarrying into one or two other city eyesores, we shall be happy.

*The melodies of the milkmen.*—The street-opera of this city has already been honourably mentioned in the Mirror, but the notice was necessarily short and imperfect, and left many branches of the "divine art" entirely untouched. The music of the milk-wagons is a portion of the city harmonies that ought not to have been overlooked; but who can do everything at a time? No department of music makes more noise in the world than that of the Long-Island vender of the celebrated decoction of Jamaica ditch-water and the lacteal delicacy drawn from a cow's udder, facetiously denominated *milk!* Your milkman is neither strictly vocal nor instrumental in his execution; but a little of both. He speaks through a tin tube, to be sure, but the noise evidently arises from a foul stomach, "the property of some claimant of humanity," though it bears very little resemblance to any other known specimen of the genus homo. Its *quality* is broken-winded treble, and reminds an amateur of the notes produced by shaking a basket of cracked clamshells. The performer has other requisites necessary to a "high rank in the profession." He is as *squeaky* as a stuck pig, and as inarticulate as the primo-basso of the Italian opera. It is understood that he cries milk, but the purport of his music must be *previously* understood if any son or daughter of Adam would profit by it; for a novice in such matters would no more understand *milk* by his caterwauling, than Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice in the original Greek would be taken for a Winnebago war-song. Like other great opera *artistes*, milkmen pride themselves in being unintelligible, and the wider they are from meaning, the nearer they are to their object, like some ballad singers of huge popularity. There, reader, we have despatched another variety of municipal melody. The knife-grinders must wait a week or two.

*Burton's National theatre.*—This new establishment will be opened about the first of September next. Burton has had the good taste and the good fortune to secure the services of Richings as stage-manager, whose trip to England is principally for the purpose of engaging stars for the new establishment.

*Olympic.*—This *bijou* of a theatre, after undergoing sundry improvements in decorating and ventilating, is again under the able pilotage of that laughter-provoking son of Momus, Mitchell, careering on in the full tide of success. Several very efficient new members have strengthened the company.

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